

actual error of judgement to which as fallible man he was liable; and before what tribunal is his cause to be adjudicated? judge, learned in the law, perhaps; jurors, high-minded and conscientious men, we don't doubt, and qualified to decide all other cases that may be laid before them, but wholly ignorant of everything appertaining to our science. Can such men be deemed competent judges in questions entirely medical in their character? Undoubtedly not."

In his article Doctor Fourgeaud pointed out the long preparation demanded in France of those who would practice medicine, the rigid tests to be passed before certification, and also the guarantees and protection given the medical profession in a highly civilized country.

Disillusioned, disappointed, and deeply perturbed by the malpractice suit, our enthusiastic young physician decided to leave St. Louis. In fact we might expect that he would return to France, to an environment in which, by breeding and education, he was at home.

But we have yet more to learn about Victor Fourgeaud. Though his culture was more than a veneer and the hold of organized society upon him was a strong one, yet it could not turn his steps eastward.

The primitive man in him; the call of adventure; the desire to pioneer, to see new worlds—these turned him westward. The newest part of the new world rather than the effete old world beckoned to him. It fascinated him now just as St. Louis had appealed to him seven years before.

What had he accomplished in those seven years in the frontier city which had more than doubled its fifteen thousand inhabitants in the period? He had climbed to the top in his profession and had evidently attained financial success sufficient to invite a malpractice suit.

But a man's peers and contemporaries know best his true worth, so I quote Doctor Linton¹² in an editorial note entitled simply:

"Dr. Fourgeaud

The connection of our esteemed co-editor with the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* has ceased. We doubt not that our readers will regret this. Why Doctor Fourgeaud should leave St. Louis for the shores of the far-off Pacific we acknowledge that we can see no good reason; that is, we can see no good reason why a physician in a good lucrative practice—surrounded by numerous friends—in the enjoyment of all that wealth can afford in a large, rapidly advancing and flourishing city, blest with all the faculties and endowments physical, moral, and intellectual for acting a glorious part on such a theatre should voluntarily turn aside from all those things to take up his abode in California. To the burning spirit of adventure, which is nowhere so powerfully in operation as in this country—that spirit which beckons with wizzard charms to unexplored valleys, undescribed climes, and untrodden coasts, to the mysterious yet potent operations of this spirit only, can we attribute the apparent heroism of such conduct. If our influence could have counteracted such an influence, the profession of St. Louis would not have lost one of its most brilliant ornaments; as it is, all that we can do is to utter a heartfelt wish that our noble-hearted and enthusiastic friend, as he follows westward the bright star of empire, may realize all the enchanting visions of his imaginings—find an eutopia equal to his fondest hopes.—L."

And so one day in April, with his wife, little son, and his brother, he turned his back on St. Louis and headed out across the prairie. It is recorded⁴ that at the first sunset they camped under some oaks twenty miles out from the city. But for the remainder of the six months' trek to California we can follow them only in fancy.

Here was fortitude. The trail of '49 to California was not yet blazed. What could such a small party do if attacked by Indians? What did this Paris-raised gentleman and his brother know about firearms, buffalo, prairie fires, packing, camping, and woodsmanship in general?

Perhaps the news of the tragic fate which befell the Donner Party the winter before had not yet filtered back to St. Louis. Would it have made any difference to the doctor? I doubt it.

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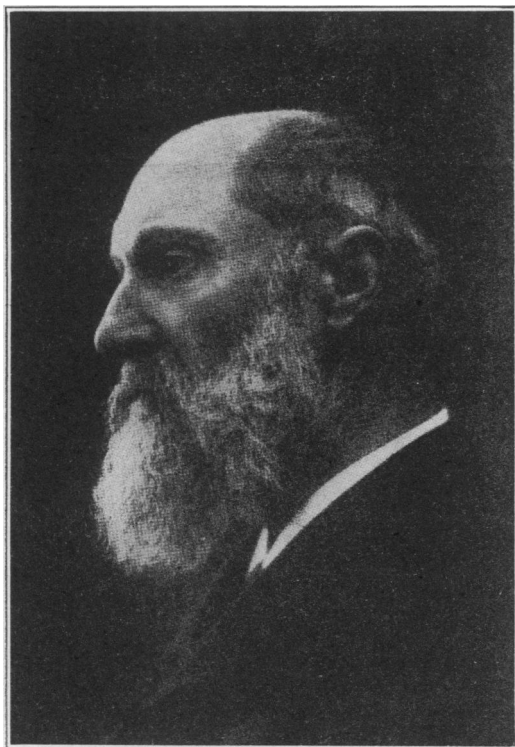
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MASTERS IN MEDICINE

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE ERNST FUCHS

Among outstanding figures in medicine few have loomed larger through their work than Professor Ernst Fuchs of Vienna, whose monumental studies in ophthalmology for many years made him the recognized dean of that specialty. His death took place in Vienna on November 21, 1930.

The *Wiener Klinische Wochenschrift* of December 4, 1930, printed a tribute from Professor Josef Meller of the I. Eye Clinic, University of Vienna, himself a celebrated assistant and associate of Fuchs in former days, and well known to a host of leading American ophthalmologists whom he has taught. Excerpts from the tribute by Meller are worthy of perusal, not only because of the deserved praise given to one of the world's great masters in medicine, but also because of the emphasis placed upon the true character of scientific labor. On that account some portions of his tribute to his former chief are here printed.—(Translations by the courtesy of S. L. Millard Rosenberg, Ph. D.):



Ernst Fuchs

Multis ille bonis flebilis accidit

Now Ernst Fuchs is gone, too, into the realm of the shades and into Pluto's home, he who seemed indestructible, who was for us the very symbol of perseverance, the strong pillar of our science on which we climbed upward and which was our very prop and support. . . .

Although kindly Fate had spared him for so long a time, his demise came all too soon, for us his pupils, for our higher institutions, and for our fatherland. For he labored for all of us to his very last days. He was our pride, our joy. With his renown he carried a vision of Austrian science to the farthest corners of the earth, and the honors accorded him everywhere reflected creditably on our land. Love, worship, and admiration were bestowed on him by the world entire, by the far West as well as by the Land of the Rising Sun. He realized the good fortune of seeing the fruits of his indefatigable labors ripening and being harvested. . . .

Ernst Fuchs was a serious man. His life was labor, incessant labor. And to that he trained his fellow workers, his assistants. Service at the Fuchs Clinic was hard. The greatest diligence alone could keep step with the director of the clinic. Performance of duty, absolute unrelenting performance of duty, was to him a matter of course. There was no praise. And so he seemed cold. But he was that by no means. For he had a warm, responsive heart. He helped everyone in his surroundings, aided and promoted all, and he led his assistants to the very heights of science. Thus it was that all those, of his spirit, who strove with him toward a perception of truth, loved and esteemed him dearly, intensively. His patients, too, promptly recognized the value of this physician, and thus his clinic soon became the rendezvous of the afflicted the world over. Without discrimination whatever he had was at their disposal, attending to each with the same care and devotion. In no other clinic the world over could one observe within a few weeks so many and such rare cases as in that of Fuchs. It was a joy to have had the privilege of being assistant there. Nowhere else was it possible to obtain so great a clinical knowledge.

Ernst Fuchs was possessed of a very great general medical knowledge, and to the very last he was in the habit of following attentively the medical sessions and especially those of the Gesellschaft der Aerzte. With every new achievement in the realm of medicine he was ever familiar and therefore, despite his advanced age, his viewpoint was never antiquated. . . .

Ernst Fuchs was simple and modest in his whole conduct of life; he preserved at all times his mental equanimity, even in misfortune, from which he was not spared either and which he bore with stoic calm.

Now after almost eighty years of mortal pilgrimage he has gone to rest. In the beautiful cemetery of Krietzendorf, high above the shores of the Danube over which a glance from his blue eyes would so often meditatively rove, he sleeps his eternal sleep. Our intensest gratitude for all we have received through him accompanied him on his last voyage. His memory will never grow dim, for his name has long loomed large in the history of ophthalmic science.

CLINICAL NOTES AND CASE REPORTS

TRAUMATIC MYOSITIS

REPORT OF CASES

By F. F. GUNDRUM, M. D.

Sacramento

THE American flair for speed and for machinery has resulted, among other things, in the marketing of mechanical massage machines, extensively advertised in journals, for the ladies. These machines consist fundamentally of a canvas belt attached to an eccentric. In operation this gives a series of rapid, short, and powerful jerks to the belt held taut against the part of the body being treated, thus achieving a great deal of massage in a very short time. That this rapid method of massage might possibly be detrimental does not appear in the advertisements and, so far as I know, has not received any great amount of attention. On this account the following cases may be worth reporting.

REPORT OF CASES

CASE 1.—Mr. G., age forty-eight years, very successful and energetic business man, purchased a machine (\$125) for "family and personal use." Some three or four months later (September 1929), without any apparent immediate cause, he came down with a very severe and disabling pain in the right thigh, without fever, local redness, or leukocytosis. X-ray of the thigh showed in the adductor muscles, about five centimeters mesial to the midpoint of the femur, a calcified spicule five centimeters long and five-tenths centimeter wide. Under rest and hot compresses the pain disappeared in about four or five days. In discussing the probable etiology with this very intelligent gentleman, he finally said, "I think this all came from that — machine. I have been putting in some extra time upon my thighs lately and have taken two treatments a day."

* * *

CASE 2.—Mrs. G., wife of the preceding, whose embonpoint has a tendency to settle in the gluteal region, has been using the same machine, with especial attention to this area. About January 1930 she became very lame with pain about the great trochanter on the right side and was compelled to go to bed; no fever, no leukocytosis, no redness. X-ray of the hip showed, in the abductor muscle, just above the greater trochanter, a calcified spicule about three centimeters long and four millimeters wide. She recovered in a few days with compresses and rest, but the "health-building machine" is enjoying a vacation.

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ERYTHEMA INDURATUM*

REPORT OF CASE

By ERNEST K. STRATTON, M. D.

San Francisco

THE following is the report of a case of erythema induratum, the patient at the same time having complications as follows: chronic pneumonia, tuberculous nodules of the conjunctivae, and squamous cell epithelioma of the skin.

* Read before the Dermatology and Syphilology Section of the California Medical Association at the fifty-ninth annual session at Del Monte, April 28 to May 1, 1930.